A CHARACTER OF FRANCE.

To which is added,

Gallus Castratus.

OR AN

ANSWER

TO A LATE

Slanderous Pamphlet,

CALLED

The Character of England.

Si tabæ nefandæ & facinora quis non
Democritus?

LONDON,
Printed for *Nath: Brooke*, at
the *Angel* in *Cornhill*, 1659.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

TO THE Impartial Reader.

Asinus ad Lyram, Room, room for a *Monsieur* ~~newly~~ come out of *France* to cast the Urine of the English Nation: He begins with, *My Lord, you command me to give you a minute account, as I under-*

stood

ſtood your meaning, I have diſcourſed as little of truth as I could, and endeavoured to render my ſelf as ridiculous as my fanatick Genius could permit me. Pardon me, Honoured Countrymen, if the Libel of this uncivil Stranger hath enforced theſe extravagant expreſſions from my Pen; certain I am, that his exorbitant Satyr, beſides its ſeveral groſs miſtakes hath *Herod*-like deſtroyed the Innocent, ſpared

no

no Sex, his inveterate malice having extended it ſelf to the profaneneſs of playing with holy things, he afterwards, *Demagoras*-like, goes about to poiſon and disfigure the reputes of our Engliſh Ladies, with ſuch black & unworthy aſperſions, ſuch falſe traducings, I might write Lies, to the height of ſuch abuſe, as to raiſe a paſſion in the moſt calm and moſt undiſturbed mind, that carries

ries either candor or bravery with it, insomuch, but that it is below the Spirit of a Gentleman to engage his Honour against such unworthiness, he is fitter to be answered with the point of a Rapier, then to have such a signal curtesie done him, for any person so to descend as to vouchsafe any other way of answer: through the urgency of some of my dear friends I have undertaken

ken this task, with that truth and ingenious civility that a ſtranger ſhould meet with, firſt retorting the *Monſieur* a ſhort Character of his Country, and afterwards, in anſwer to him, vindicated our own: the latter I have dedicated to our injured Ladies: Courteous Reader, I preſent theſe my unworthy endeavours to thy impartial cenſure:

Farewell.

Rea-

Reader,

BE pleased to take notice, that there is now in the Press almost finished, a Book Intituled, Englands Worthies, select lives, of the most eminent Persons of the three Nations, from Constantine the Great, to the death of the late Protector Oliver Cromwell.

A CHARACTER OF FRANCE.

BEing to describe this Large Continent, I shall offer no Essay either upon the mode of Christianity there, (leaving that to the Dictates of that

Divinity implanted in the ſoule; and although not unworthily thought it is much delapſed, yet *De ſacris nil niſi bonum)* nor will I play with the Crowns and Repreſentatives of God, nor their Will or Governments, although there might be found Gall enough for that ſubject; but I think it fit to begin with the common, but freeſt of the Elements, the Aire.

The Aire in generall is not ſo pure, but it may admit of priority, and that I may juſtly give to *England*; for the *French* enjoy it either ſcalding hot, or miſerably cold; ſo

ſo that it cannot be denyed by any obſervant Traveller, but in a yeare, a miracle in Nature is produced, (the reduction of the oppoſite Zones to Friendſhip in one Climate) our Snow tha tonly mellowes the clod here, there devoures it; and with us, that Sun that would but warm and cheriſh here, there waſts and withers. Their ſoile (like their faces) cannot much boaſt of its charms every where; for as *Bodin* ſaith, *Exploratum eſt, deſerta & inculta loca, ſi aquis & viis adjungimus, duos Galliæ trientes auferre:* That is, the Deſarts, Waters and Wayes put

together, take away the two thirds of *France*; which the tract between *Burdeaux* and *Baijon*, and the ſterile pittifull places called *The Land of Gaſcoigne*, do to the neighbours (as their uncomfortable lot) well aſcertain. As for a Concluſion, the breathing of the Earth, the induct of the Aire, may be the pureſt, cleaneſt, and ſubtileſt, if ſcabs, itch, punaries, and ſuch like efflorescencies may be termed pure: The Country it ſelf bearing a more then ordinary affinity and friendſhip to the Stocks and the Gallowes, Wine and Hemp being two of their

their beſt commodities.

The Creatures or Inhabitants, that daily draw their Vigor from theſe (much like the Earth or ſoile they Live on) either too neer to their Sun of Government, or Frozen to death by its Abſence, the great ones frying in Luxury, the poor ones ſtarving in penury, ſo that that which God onely inflicted as a Curſe to *Adams* ſeed, here it is made a plague to that Curſe: The poor peaſant having not that Comfort to eat that which was purchaſed by their ſweat and labour, but at the time of its product, then are

Harpyes and *Vultures* ready to ſnatch it from the Jawes of the almoſt ſtarved Labourer, and that perhaps to ſatiate the crazed Luſt of ſome Libidinous Goat, ſo that which is counted a Miracle on Gods part, is here very Common to unbridle the rationall Soules, and turne them poor Aſſes into theſe ſhapes. So that hope, the turn-key of the Soul, the ſpur of high Actions is here ſo Languid that if a peaſant can but by ambition gain the purchaſe of clean Canvaſe breeches for holydaies, and his wife a Buckram Petticoate for Wakes

and

and Sundays, theſe are like to wait upon them, like their good Genius, to the houre of their diſſolution: And if well kept may be entailed to two or three generations. As for their Liberties their feet enjoy, they cannot boaſt much of being called free, ſince if not by nature they are brought to hooves; yet they by their monſtrous cloggs are neere reſembled to them, if we ſurvey the ſomewhat taller ſort of them we ſhall find them generally to be a ſpeaking faſhion, ſuch as have parted with their judgements for the ſituati-

on of their clothes that have taken a great deal of paines to be ridiculous, there being such a confederacy, betwixt them and their modes to make them appeare puppyes, they share more of the semstresse then of the Taylor. Theire outsides half Linnen, so that there can scarcely a distinction be made betwixt their uprising and walking abroad it being naturall to them to Live more by their own heat then by the warmth of their clothes, which, is the reason, that there are so many foot-boys, as numerous as their beggars, which are so many and

so

ſo impudent that in rideing they ſhall ſwarme about your horſes like flies, and be more troubleſome.

But to proceed and proſecute their Court-gallantry, I confeſs they are more abſolute ; furniſhed with the Mode of Command and appeare to be Stars, (or rather Meteors of the Court) yet with their Leaves try to cut them up and give a due eſtimate of them.

A ſrench Gentleman of this equipage, is one that weighs no Action, but by his own ſtandard: Admires nothing that is not admired by others in himſelf. He is

wonderfully pleaſed when others vouchſafe him a Laugh or ſmile, though to abuſe him: yet is his Conceit ſo high that he propoſeth in all Incounters a diſdaine ſuitable to his reſentments, his motions ſo Excentricall and Irregular, and withall ſo ſuddaine, that if *Pythagoras* his opinion concerning transmigration be true, he may boaſt of an Extract from *Ginny*, though the Citizens of thoſe woods are much to able and outdo him by a naturall inſtinct. Really you would think that nature had onely left him unfiniſhed and pind

on

on his Limbs till a further opportunity, they are so versatile and Loose, so resembled by his discourse that if he be wound up at the period, you shall not know whether it were discoursing, or scolding; And if a Rhodomontado of his valour, be not an Ingredient in this Chart, the composition is defaced utterly; and if you should observe their Garbs, Shrugs, Stops, Cringes, Actions; they much come near the Mode of a Mountebank or Jugler, and if you will but make search into his repository (his pocket) you will swear it; when you

shall

ſhall find a Miſcellany of profeſſions, as tooles for *Barbers*, *Tooth-drawers*, *Surgeons*, *Apothecarys*, *Taylors*, what not? and it may be a bit in pickle for his loſt appetite. But above all properties this muſt not be forgotten, he is a ſworne ſervant to *Venus*, that ſhe rather may be called the *Gallick* Goddeſs then the *Cyprian* Deity; nay they do ſo ſuperarrogate in this, that they turne one Sex into another and take pleaſure of that which good old Nature made for a ſhame; And this Luxe of body is ſo really worſhipped, that indeed they

are

are high Zelots in the Imployment, that I believe three parts are clapt and marked with the brand of this Goddesse, so that it may be concluded that they cannot be so much in Love. Let the beauty be never so great, without a considerable summe of money be introduced to commit Matrimony in their frolicks, they spare not the externall ornaments of their Madams, they cannot at such seasons weare a piece of ferret ribbon but they will cut it to pieces, and swallow it in Urin to celebrate their better fortunes, being furnisht

with

with ſuch convenient boldneſſe to ſhew themſelves expert draughts-men, rather then faile, with a piece of Charcoale they will draw all manner of baudy figures and that not in the Hieroglyphick onely, but in the moſt demonſtrative unhandſomeneſſe they can invent.

As for gameing (the true pimps of time and Luxury,) they are ſo inconſiderate of the approach of penury, that (as Mr. *Howell* reports, a Phyſitians Son (at his being there) played in one night away above ſixty thouſand Crownes: and one *Jonas* a keeper of one of theſe Game-

Game-pits (in the ſuburbs of St. *German*,) ſome daies and nights had above a thouſand in the Box; this may well juſtifie the Maſter of Spring-Garden for his exorbitancy in getting. For Drinking (another Luxe) they are not ſo ſober as they would invite us to think, but that plentifully they will Sacrifice to *Bacchus*: and when *Venus* hath worried them, *Bacchus* and *Ceres* muſt recrute them again. Heare what *Ammianus Marcellinus* ſaith they are, *Vini avidum genus Affectans, ad vini ſimilitudinem multiplices potus*; that is, they are a gene-

ration

ration greedyof Drink, and Lovers of ſeverall compotations or draughts, witneſſe *Rablais* and the young Lady (a moderne Author tells us of,) that when the fumes of the prceeding Compotation had ſung her a Lullaby to *Morpheus*, a young Boare taking this offered opportunity, became picklock to her Cabinet and by this meanes or tenure in ſoccage was made a Gentleman.

I Confeſs it hath been Accounted a piacle in the Virgins to drink wine, yet I can aſſure you that intolerable yoke is almoſt kickt off; for they dare daſh their water

water with this Creature ſo ſtrongly that often they daſh the braines of that Element away and of their virginity too. But for their eating I cannot blame them, to blame our long ſitting at Meales, ſince that ſhal do wrong to thé in their often Commeſſations; which is according to the *French* Cuſtome, five times in one naturall day; ſo that it is a common ſaying in *France*, Come let us go to dinner quickly, that we may have time for a Collation in the the Afternoon, that we may go ſoon to ſupper, that after we may take a Nuncion, that

going

going to bed betimes we may rise early to our breakfast: But besides these, when you find not their Chaps wagging, the bell may towl for their dissolution: And really you'l be mistaken if you think they trouble themselves much with Mastication or Grinding it, for they tumble it down whole and leave the effect to Gods providence and natures bounty, but as touching the more particular management of their diet for the ordering of the materials: They faile not to derive their subtilty from some of the hard put too't besieged

Gar-

Garriſons, they make a Little to go ſo far. Somethings they do which they would have ſeem wonderfull, for they are a people full of oſtentation, they pretend ſtrangely to prepoſterous diſhes, and are admirable in frieing of frogs with parſley, &c. Which for the moſt part the men ſet forth the table with, the woman being exempted as they are ſuch Grobianaes of ſluttiſhneſſe; they are admirable Alchymiſts for the paunch, they will extract Gold out of roots, Muſhroomes or any thing they dreſſe, which as one writes, may rather be called

called a drinking then an eating meale, so that it may truly be said of them, that though they eat much they spend little having a trick beyond us Englishmen that they wil eat their very drink by morsels: They talk much of the Gusto, but you must not imagine their hodge-podge pipkin dyet to be so wholesome for the body as abateing of the hard word, to be relishing for the pallat; for it may rightly be said of them that they trade more in sauce then in meat, their Cooks being much of *Nebuchadnezars* Employment, though not of such an-

Antiquity; for the moſt part, I cannot ſay ſimpling but conſtantly picking of Sallets.

As for their Cloathing the Camelion is not more colourable, the Are not more changeable, the Wind not more unconſtant, and ſo impatient of any thing that bears the impreſs of Antiquity (Lord what becomes of old women!) that had not God given a ſable night to give birth to a new day, I know not whether the moſt part had not had their dependence on the ſhade ere this, or elſe in a Melancholy Fit become Eunuches: their chiefeſt

chiefeſt preludes to Courtſhip being their Coverings, and thoſe various.

Now I will give your eyes a treatment in the viewing of their Courted Deities (their Females,) much reſembling the *Ægyptian Numens* both in colour and ſmalneſs; being bits of Natures bounty, and things as it were half beautified; Nature having crowded parts together, which by coalition becomes a *French Madamoſeile*: For if you pleaſe to view them in all parts, you will find indeed a handſom medly, nature having been ſo curteous, as what wants in one

one part is fully made up in another : for as their wasts are very slender, they are seldome without a kennel in their Lapps, which may be mistaken for two or three little doggs, their shoulders are so fix'd, as you would deeme them the daughters of *Atlas*; yet not with so heavy a burthen, having light heads and lighter Fancies to ballance their bodies the better. Nature hath laid a thwacking foundation or Buttress to some parts, that she knew would be much used; witness their Posteriours, which are so goodly and ample, that they serve

ſerve as a Bulwark to the other parts of the body; being (like their dirt in *Paris*) too ſtrong for a cloſe ſiege; and what munition is there I ſuppoſe ſomtimes may be known to be whole Cannon.

Though their mouths are more than ordinary ſtretcht to the Appetite, yet are their eyes ſmall enough, and indeed horrible fierce and black; yet if ſtir'd, (as a little fire is quickly lighted) you ſhall find galliardy enough to cloy you all the year after.

Their hands I muſt needs allow a large ſhare in the Cha-

Charity of the Graces; and ſo might their faces have challenged a Throne in the Court of *Venus*, had not Nature forgot to ſcoure the earthly tincture off them; yet they ſeem to me a good piece of work unpolliſhed, or a building not yet beautified; ſo that there may be found a remedy for neceſſity, but none for rapture or charme: And certainly the French Ladies had no being, or were not famed when the Poets of old perceived ſuch ſplendor and glories from the faces of their Devotors; for elſe it had been a Fiction (with a witneſs) to have at-

tributed theſe to a ſubject not at all capable of the reception.

Their beams and rayes (I mean their hair) as the Poets luxuriouſly baptize them, are not, I proteſt, thoſe bright beams that were of old ſo deified, nor thoſe ſun beams, thoſe threds of gold, thoſe golden nets, *&c.* if you pleaſe to allow theſe a reſemblance, you may more juſtly call them beams of *Erebus*, rayes ſent from *Nox* and *Saturne*, rather curld or wreathed clouds then glorious rayes; yet I muſt ſay this, had not good Nature alotted them

this

this tincture (which is the only foyle to their ruſſet faces) I ſuppoſe a man might have endured their witchcraft without motion, except of ſtomack, yet nevertheleſs the moſt part of that Sex may juſtly claim a priviledge from honeſt *Don Quixot* (to be ſtiled Ladies of the ill-favoured faces) and had not the Countries heat put a forward ſalacity upon their Males, ſo that any meat will ſerve their greedy appetite, theſe poor ſouls might have as well expected Beauty as Courtſhip.

Their diſpoſitions have much of vivacity, a Con-

verſe as free as the Air, and as univerſally courted, and ſo ſweetly are they membred with a tongue, that it may give a a hint in finding the perpetual motion, friendly Nature having ſet it with ſo ſtrong a ſpring, that after ſhe hath wound it once up, it will keep its courſe to the tombe, if not afterwards; ſo that, I ſuppoſe, no Land doth ſo tyrannize, or put ſuch inceſſant drudgery upon that member as the French, ſince though they have many holy dayes to every petty Saint, yet this could never have the comfort to find any hour of reſt: ſince theſe were

were none of *Pythagoras* his Schollars, to whom was commended this, *digito compeſcere labellum*, not to ſpeak much till in the age of wiſdom; nor did they ever ſacrifice to *Harprocrates* their freedom and cuſtomary chat, being a ſtrong enemy to this Deity and his followers: I muſt give them this Eulogy, that they are no ſullen people, but free, open breaſted, and take as much liberty to come ſo neer their primitive nakedneſs, that if it were not for the injuries of the Air, I dare affirm they would ſcorn theſe fig-leaves of garb to cover them; but

as much as they can they ſet ſome upon the ſtall, hoping it may induce Paſſengers to think well of their Commodities within: yet I will aſſure you they are very coy of their lips: it may be this may be aſſigned as a reaſon, knowing that Nature by their curtayl'd ſtature hath made the backſide too neer the market. And when I ſalute their cheek it ſhall be my honour to be contented, ſince really their breath is not the Quinteſſence of Roſes; neither is a ſalute by a kiſſe much amongſt them, ſince they are ſo diſcreet as to keep at a diſtance that which

which is deſervingly brand-ed with a *Noli me Tangere*; and further, if kiſſes be only Intentions, their quick active principals had rather ſooner be at the work: But I ſhall leave with this Apology to thoſe that are Stars amongſt them, as deſerving a more gallant character, both Gentlemen and Ladies, and thoſe noble ſouls I blot out, and ſet them aſide, this cha-racter, having as much ho-nour for deſert as any Crea-ture living that pretends to ſerve them.

Their Cities are not to be hiſt at, neither ſhall I al-low them the bragging cha-

racter that is given them, ſince if they had not fondly beſtowed all on *Paris*, and let the reſt goe a begging, my Charity might have been greater; ſo that the French ſay, it is rather a World then a City; ſo it is indeed, a world of confuſion, a world of duſt, a world of Lacquies, a world of ſtink, and indeed a world of fooleries and vanities.

The City is large, yet if you look upon its ſtuffing you will find the brain is too large for the ſenſes, ſo that the croud of people, their quick motion, their naſty deport, their native duſt, give ſuch a welcome in a hot day

to

to Travellers, that if their ſtreets were not broad the Inhabitants would be ſtrangled in their ſleep for want of breath, it is ſo peſtered with Inmates, having in one Tenement three or four Families.

Their Buildings are uniform, yet poorly lined within, ſo that in a word you may call it a pile of *Royal Almeshouſes*; indeed it is no wonder that they ſhould brag ſo of the ſpaciouſneſs of their houſes, when the ſmalneſs of their Kitchins makes them the larger: one great inconvenience, you can never want winter or ſummer, duſt or

dirt, ſo that at all times of the year it hath a ſtrong charm againſt Invaſion, except you would invade the Plague, or the Cave of *Charon*.

As for their pieces of Architecture there is no ſuch *Grandeur*, and if you ſhould reſemble them to *Italy*, you may find no compariſon; large they are, but not ſo noble as is ſuppoſed; but if they were, they are like Sattin pinckt upon Canvas; but for their private Buildings and Shops, a Pedlers Booth in *England* would ſhame the beſt of them; and a Pedler at a Mart with us,

would

would make very well a French Merchant, ſo that a Friend of mine oretaking one of theſe Creatures riding the Road, he complaining of the hardneſs of the times, he anſwered, I, quoth he, I wonder how the middle ſort of people live, when ſuch Merchants as I can ſcarce live; and you may believe him, if you knew his Carga in the Waggon, which was two or three dozen of Spaniſh brooms: Of ſuch as theſe Bragadochia's is *Paris* filled and cloyed; this may be truly ſaid of them, that their baſeſt trades have ſooner arrived to great

riches then thoſe that are amongſt them noted of ancient Nobility, and live according to the dignity of their births; and for their way of dealing, as to the ſubtilty of their Trade, they are ſeldome deceived, for they truſt no body, and if any body truſt them, they had as good burn the bill of their particulars, if they are not under lock and key, or can but find out any evaſion to ſhift themſelves; they may brag of their merchandiſes with other Nations, but the moſt ſtaple Commodities they have received hath been from *England*, for which

which for the moſt part they have exchanged no other then fantaſtical faſhions, toyes, and kickſhaws to put off, which till they can make good their importunities they will wrack thoſe they traffick with to their own conditions, with their forced faces, ſhrugs, and cringes in their Inns and Hoſteries; they for the moſt part give their ſervants no wages, but beg themſelves ſo fervently for them, that the diſcerning Traveller cannot but ſcruple whether they or their ſervants are moſt fellow-feelers of the extent of his liberality, for which only rea-

ſon

ſon he muſt endure the impertinencie of their unneceſſary attendance, for their general entertainments; they are trunk-hoſed, bombaſted with the mode, and nothing elſe, they diſtinguiſh them according to their uſuall cuſtom; as they allow of their grapes in their Vineyards, a Paſſenger may taſt to quench his thirſt, but he that tarries above their ſtinted humor miſtakes himſelf; their cuſhions he will find them to be quick-ſet hedges of no continuance; there is no Nation that takes more freedom for gibeing and provoking of ſtrangers,

ſtrangers, for they are generally raſh, and want nothing of the wildneſs of behaviour, when their paſſions are thus deſperately ſet on their angers have no eyes; to complement them at that time is to ſet a train to gunpowder, they will ſo clatter with their diſcourſe, except they are in their more aiery genius of continual ſinging of bawdy and drunken ſongs, when it will be a wiſemans task to diſtinguiſh betwixt their extravagant meeter and galloping proſe; as for their Policy, Government, King, Nobles, their Treaties with us, Inter-marriages,

riages, their Maſſacres, ſale of Promotions and Judicatories, and other things of this nature; other men with a larger pen having expreſt them excellently well, I ſhall *manum a Tabulâ*, and for this I have done I expect no reward, nor fear any envy, only

Sat eſt tentaſſe ——

Yet to ſweeten my Genius fit for my dear native Country I ſhall conclude all with this undoubted Eulogy or Character of *England*, which a Greek Poet hath drawn to the life.

——————— οὐδέ τις ἄλλη
Νήσοις ἐν πάσῃσι Βρεταρίσιν
ἰσοφαρίζει.

And what *Eumines* ſaith;

O Fortunata & omnibus Beatior terris Britannia *quæ* Conſtantinum Cæſarem *primum vidiſti; Merito te omnibus cœli & ſoli dotibus natura donavit in qua ſegetum tanta fæcunditas & muneribus utriuſque & Cereris & Liberi in qua nemora ſine immanibus beſtiis, terra ſine ſerpentibus noxiis, contrà pecorum mitium innumerabilis multitudo.*

O moſt fortunate *Brittain*, more bleſſed then any other

other Country, which first didst see *Constantine*, Nature hath lavishly endowed thee with all decorements of Heaven and Earth; in thee neither the excessive cold of winter, or scorching heat of Summer doth molest the Inhabitants, thou swellest with such a plenty of all kind of Corn, that thou mayest be called the Darling of *Ceres* and *Bacchus*; thy Groves are without salvage rapacious Creatures, and thy Grasse without poysonous Serpents; thy fields are covered with innumerable heads of Cattell tame and wild, their dugs

dugs extended with milk and their backs with fleece, both rich and thick; for the pleaſure of life, thy dayes are long, and no night but hath ſome glimpſe of light; the glorious Sun that ſets and goes down in other Countries, ſeems only to paſſe by thy Coaſts.

Nature as her Darling hath imbraced thee with a rich and large Moat, intending ſtill as ſhe made, to lay up her principals and originals in this her Cabinet.

Their Faces they have like Angels, Wits like Muſes,

Muſes, Charmes like Graces, caſt in a mould between the earthly Spaniard and trifling French; A martial, noble, and hoſpitable people; I muſt end with this Diſtick:

Quicquid amat luxus quicquid deſiderat uſus,
Ex te proveniat, vel aliunde tibi.

I have not beſtowed ſo much gall on this Character, as I know a modeſt Reply is more deſired, in which, as my fancie hath its traverſes, there are ſeverall reflections from my Anſwer

Anſwer which more inlarge this Character; if I have not had ſalt enough in it tis out of a civility that this impertinent Mounſieur never merited.

FINIS.

Gallus Caſtratus.

AN

ANSVVER

TO A

Slanderous Pamphlet,

Called the

CHARACTER

OF

ENGLAND.

Si talia nefanda & facinora
quis non Democritus.

LONDON,
Printed for *Nath. Brookes* at
the *Angel* in *Cornhill*, 1659.

TO THE
ILLUSTRIOUS
STARRES OF
GLORY, THE IN-
COMPARABLE
BEAUTIES OF
THE ENGLISH
NATION.

THESE WITH A
DEEP HUMILITY.

Gallus

Gallus Castratus, &c.

Ladies,

TO make a Hue and Cry, or research after this Satyrist, were to enquire after yesterdayes Air, or the last eveningsSun; since the perpetrating a sin against Charity and divine Beauty, hath occasioned him to conceal his unworthy

name; yet by your permiſſion (fair Ladies) I ſhall adventure a throw after him, ſo as to beſtow on him a Character not unworthy of his fact.

He may be thought one of the diſlodged brood of wandering *Cain*, who having ſinn'd in good, ſets his hand againſt all for bad; ſuch as theſe are true ſons of the Curſe, they bring brambles for violets, and thorns for Roſes; deſperate perſons to converſe with, as infectious in their ſouls as in their limbs; a Traveller, that makes it his buſineſs to deface the glories of Nature,

not

not to admire and adore them; a frothy Wit, not consenting to its captivity, hath in his Caprichios snorted his foam upon the sweet face of this blessed Island; the method he pretends too, for he hath none, was sure begot in a *Hirricano*, where being frighted by his conscience, he thrusts things together *Al 'a Negligen'ce*; A brat only born to die accursed, and to shew to the world that *France* hath of late her Monsters as well as *Africa*.

His end I cannot remark, except like *Eroſtratus* to purchase a fame, though by

the vileſt infamy, or to engage a ſmile from thoſe (*Banditters* to Nature) the rude off-ſpring of a Brothel or a dunghil: a Monſter fitting to rove after its Sire, rather then find a *Mecanas* in any ſerious Family; ſo unfit to bear the name of a Character, that it may well be ſtiled the Leproſie of *France* caſt upon *England*: But by this time (Ladies) I ſuppoſe you have enough of this unmaskt Gentleman; now to the work it ſelf.

And firſt he apologizeth for his rudeneſs by the commands of a Perſon (once a Devoto to the Charmes of *England*)

England) a Perſon of quality (a Lord) but if his Qualities anſwered his Dignity, ſurely his Lordſhip hath repented him of his commands.

He declares he had licence only for (*Minute things:*) His Honour thought great ones too much beyond the ſphear of his Activity and Cognizance: but to particularize his aſperſions, which I ſhall civilly name his complaints,

Comp. 1. His firſt is, (Of the ſtiffe whiſpering and forbidden countenances) at *Dover.*

Surely his laſt collation

of the Grape at *Calais*, or the high trott of *Neptune*, had contributed much to this miſtake; ſince as *Comines* his own Country-man ſaith, *I uſed to go to* Calais *(when in the hands of the Engliſh) without a Paſſe, for* (ſaith he) *they are very courteous and honourable in their entertainments to ſtrangers. And further, in their tryals with Forrainers they allow them a Fury*, de Medietate Lingua. Surely then they had not loſt their native Gallantry at this *Monſieurs* landing: But for a certain the *Monſieur* brought a face from *Madagaſcar*, or a habit from *America*,

America, not fit to be seen without a motion or amazement, as the Spaniards are usually respected in their Country. But I see this poor Gentleman is mighty tender, for he seems to take pet at every tree that grows not straight, and excepts at any person that comes but neer him, much more that doth but touch him: The very Boyes give him an Adventure much of *Don Quixots*, which makes him view all things through inchantment; and I wonder I hear no news of his Eccho, a *Sancho Pancho* to flatter his folly into a Romance.

Comp. 2. To ſee his confident Hoſt ſit down cheek by joule by him, belching and puffing Tobacco, and that our Gentlemen do uſually entertain them, and are pleaſed with their impertinencies.

This *Mounſieur* was (I dare ſay) not baniſhed *France* for his great head-piece; elſe he might have conſidered himſelf now in a free State, where no perſon is ſhackled by Prerogative, but may be company (by way of Divertiſement) to the greateſt piece of Honour in *Europe*; and if you can fit your Lacquey upon what laſt your humor

humor ſhall frame, why may not ſometimes an impertinency pleaſe your fancy, as well as the *Character of England* doth ſome of your Ladies? For you muſt know, our People are not an Aſſe-like galled Nation, who are bound by their chains to come no neerer then an interview of Princes: But I confeſs my Hoſt was ſomewhat too bold to approach ſo nigh, leſt he might have had imployment for his fingers and nails all the year after.

But I hope *Monſieur* you have paid your reckoning, and are now coming to *London*,

don as you ſay (the Metropolis of all civility.)

Comp. 3. You write, That you had ſome Honour thrown upon you, as dirt, ſquibs, roots, nay Rams horns, entring *London*.

Seriouſly, Sir, I wonder at the laſt Lot, how come they to hit upon this honour for you; I muſt tell you, that it was a ſad and lowring Conſtellation or Ludibrium of Fortune caſt upon your perſon, that in that great place of civility ſuch ominous Careſſes ſhould be offered you, ſince your deſerts had been better paid you in your own Country, and with your

your own coyn. As for the Car-men, as you ſay overthrew the Hell-carts, I wonder, Sir, how your company eſcaped, ſince there was a ſtory, that the Devil rid through our ſtreets with ſome Blades having none of the beſt faces.

Comp. 4. That our City is a wooden, Northern, and inartificial congeſtion of houſes.

This *Monſieur*, I perceive, is no curious Architect, for finding fault with our wooden Buildings, which conſider *London*, as a Merchantile City, ſtrong and beautiful, her manner of building agreeable:

greeable tothe jettyes, bay-windows, and returns in her ſtreets; every part ſo ingaged one with another, that though under ſeveral modes, yet like loving Citizens they hold hand in hand faſter then brick or ſtone can do, and by their diverſity of frontings do declare a freedome of our Subjects, that what they acquire by induſtry, may be beſtowed at pleaſure; not obliged to build ſo for the will of the Princes: Whereas the Citizens of *Paris* are ſo forced to uniformity, that their Structures ſeem to be only one continued magnificent wall

wall loop-hol'd; whereas variety is more pleasant, if it be not so fantastick as to incommodate passage, height, or sight, as it is an undoubted Maxim in the Opticks, that it lengthens your entertainment to a rapture: whereas in the French walk the eye in an instant is glutted with an identity, so that having seen one City or street, the eye is not urged to take her revels in another, all being so like to a primitive pattern of one livery, it choaks delight; as for magnificent Buildings, or Regalio's, *Mounsieur* forgets the Abby of *Westminster*, the

Royal

Royal Exchange, two ſuch works of Architecture, that for their kind and uſe meet not with any parallel in *France*; though, I confeſs, the abſolute tyranny of your Kings by the blood and ſweat of the inſlaved Peaſantry have erected Pallaces as it ſeemeth to me works of impertinency and leiſure; but if you view further their Precordia, you will find the work like Sattin pinckt upon Canvas, being ſo furniſhed, that you would think them the Edifices of ſome former Inhabitants frighted from them, and poſſeſſed by *Nomades* or *Scythians*, that never

never knew the uſe of ſuch civil Utenſils: beſides, our Kings have had larger Theaters of Majeſty then theſe; for whereas the French King is ſedentary in *Paris*, our Kings have been like the Sun, not confined to a place, but inriching all places with their Juſtice and Glory: and ſo our Pallaces are Beauties ſcattered and equally diſtributed to all places of the Nation: No King (for the extent of Earth) having more Reſidencies of Majeſty then our Engliſh Potentates have had, ſo that if this City (of *London*) be conſidered as a Mercantile City,

and

and place of trading, and the Kings Court but as an iſſue of his favour to theſe Merchants: You will find he hath Grandeurs both Noble and ſufficient. What a charme of Majeſty is there of the Houſes of the Nobility, fronting that Chriſtal and ſweet Nymph (the *Thames*:) Beſides, the City illuſtrated with the like in many places; together with the ſtately Structures belonging to Citizens, that, I am confident, cannot be paralleld by the whole trade of *France* or *Europe*.

But I am bound to follow you, *Monſieur*, up and down from

from the Tavern to Church, then to the Shambles, and indeed it ſeemes you viſited things (like our Ruſticks) with a ſtreightned heart, and a wide mouth, for now you bark moſt monſtrouſly againſt our Religion and Profeſſors of it: but ſeriouſly, had you minded any thing of Charity, you would not have given a character of us in our diſtempers, taking the preſent advantage of our being ſick of Schiſme and Diviſion: But I find you one of thoſe *Lucian* ſcoffers, that rather then not exerciſe your froth, the Gods ſhall not ſcape your Animoſity.

ſity. I cannot like that ſpirit in a Frenchman, which would be ſcorned in a Heathen, or like a Jew ſpit upon the Saviour of the World, becauſe not their inſomniated Meſſias: but *Monſieur, procul hinc procul ite prophani.* Yet I ſeriouſly aſſure you (dear Ladies) as touching their ſeveral worſhips, of theſe equivocal Chriſtians, as he cals them, it is a newly forged blaſphemy againſt the Truth, and I queſtion not but his God-father will one day congratulate his intelligence with a meritorious reward.

Well now into the Ta-

vern

vern I must follow my Frenchman, who is my *Ignis fatuus*, leads me in no method or order, but what sees he now? Now a legion of adversities, as Shops, Smoak, Coaches, Sea-coal; would not any wise man think this man mad, or tumbled lately out of some Chaos? But his chief regret is for the Sea-coal, which he saith:

Comp. 5. That if there be any Hell it is in this Vulcano on a foggy day.

You may not well question a Hell, *Monsieur*, since in this piece of impiety and unhandsomeness, if you had your reward, you might easily

ſily perceive you are in the ſuburbs already: Methinks this was as ſtrange an Adventure as the Knight Errants Wind-mils, and I ſuppoſe as much crazed your body; ſo that I wonder at your high valour, that dared Adventure, that eyelet-holed invaded body of yours, to ſuch corroding fumes; but peradventure you are well ſheathed with Brimſtone and Butter againſt this infection, and you might have known, or I wonder your Lord informed you not, that the ſulphure of our combuſtibles is a very great enemy to any Sacrifice made in favour

vour of *Venus*, her Oblations being burnt upon Altars in our Suburbs.

Comp. 6. But now if you will hear a loud one, mark his words well; I have, ſaith he, been in a ſpatious Church, where I could not diſcern the Miniſter for ſmoak.

Ex ungue Leonem, one may judge of the reſt of his Narrative by this notorious untruth: Did ever any ſober man happen upon ſuch an incounter? Surely this Gentlemans Opticks were much eclipſed, or ſome drunken vapors had overclowded his mind, or elſe he had

had framed in his ſmoaky Cranium ſuch an impoſture; and I wonder, Sir, you make not a Recantation for ſuch groſſe inſipid irregularity, ſince if our very Boys read but your Book, they would hoot at your Nation, indeed for your ſweet-lye-compoſed wonder.

Comp. 7. There is a number of houſes where they ſell Ale (a muddy Beverage) where the Gentlemen ſit and ſpend much of their time in drinking it.

As for that wholeſome, pleaſant, reſtorative, noble drink, the bleſſed off-ſpring

of

of *Ceres*; what impudence dares find fault, or caſt a cloud over that gift of Nature? Since that if it could be conveyed, all the Earth would court it; witneſs the great eſteem is had in all parts of this our Engliſh Liquor; ſo that one of your Countrymen Doctors ſaith, that there is no Liquor more increaſeth the radical moiſture, and preſerves the natural heat; theſe two being the pillars of our decaying bodies. Now for any one to ſpeak againſt the props of life, deſerves to die, as his own enemy, under an unlamented death. But I am

ſure

ſure of this, that this tipple, and the grey Gooſe-wing, had almoſt torn all the feathers from the back of *France*: And certainly this *Monſieur* had ſome other reaſon then he produceth, to inveigh againſt this Liquor; it may be it holds no friendly correſpondency with *Venus* races, or elſe is not commodious (by reaſon of its fumes) for a Nation half drunk already.

And now he appeals to his Lord (his confident) and as a Preludium (knowing my Lord was no enemy to the French Beauties) to the proſecuting on his road of ſcur-

da-

dals. And now let all the world consider this unheard of impudence against a Sex, the whole hoast of Heroes court with Caresses due to their charms, Creatures (rather a Creation) framed by the indulgent hand of the Deity, as it were, cordials poured down from Heaven in compassion to our infirmities: You, even you (great Souls) his folly hath not blusht to asperse, with the like success, pardon the dirty expression, as the breath of a dunghil doth the Sun, which still shall shine as glorious as his infatuated mind shall be obscured with infamy.

Comp. 8. That our Ladies ſuffer themſelves to be treated in a Tavern, and drink crowned cups, & ſtrain them through their ſmocks.

This is an horrid impudence indeed: ſurvey the whole univerſe, as their beauties excel, ſo, then theſe fair creatures in general, their lives; none whoſe lives are modeſter without ignominy, and freer without ſcandals, then our Engliſh Ladies.

This Gentleman comes over with our laſt deſultory french viſitation, who had received ſo much virility by the poſting of our Horſes in the

the dayes of travel, that they (being in *London*) did that thirteenth labour to *Hercules* twelve, purging a ſtable of ſo much filth, that our ſuburbs ſhall ſing an *Io Pean* to them hereafter: And truly thoſe poor pieces of mortality bred an excellent French trade of it, enough to keep them till the like opportunity may ſo ſeaſonably court them. And theſe are your *Madamoſeilles*, who (*Proteus* like) changed their ſhape (to ingratiate their hire) into Ladies, Counteſſes, this beauty, and that beauty, till they had taken Exciſe of your limbs, gave you as good as

you brought, left you looſe in the hilts. Theſe *Monſ.* are your Ladies that drink crowned healths, and ſtrained through their ſmocks; theſe are thoſe Beauties that are ſo free; to ſuch a Nation indeed it would be too great impiety for civil Ladies to neglect their noble ſouls, their proper perſons, to court your deformities and diſeaſes.

Comp. 9. It is the afternoon buſineſs of the Engliſh Gentlemen only to drink and be drunk.

Surely ſuch as was your Females company, ſuch was your Males; ſurely you rak'd Hell for theſe deboiſt unthrifty

unthrifty Cadets, for otherwiſe I never knew this to be a cuſtom amongſt civil Gentlemen. You ſay, after they have taken their repaſt with the Ladies they withdraw into another Room; certainly, *Monſieur*, this is a handſome ſeparation, for the Gentlemen to carreſe one with another, having ſometimes Maſculine Intereſts in hand; whereas you (thinking your ſelves only born for the ſmock, and your ill-favoured Ladies of the placket) never ſeperate your confuſed intereſts, knowing no diſtinction between Male and Female civilized inte-

reſts, but only by the more retired managements of Nature; and certainly you would ſeem to be ſo fond of your *Mopſa's*, as not (out of a complement) to give them time to diſimbogue. As for our drinking healths or pledges, if you knew but the way to our cuſtom, you will find it ſprang from a laudable neceſſity at firſt, & was in earneſt a duty performed really one friend for another, The Danes know it. But *Monſieur*, you do but fanatically trifle in all your diſcourſe: As for our Cadets that viſit the Gallows ſo frequently (as you ſay) I

ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe yours in *France* are, or ought to be, ſo ſeriouſly imployed, as their proper merit, ſince your Roberies are meerly Maſſacres, ſuch Cowards are ye, that ye firſt ſhoot before you dare bid ſtand, they never taking purſe before it is crimſond reaking hot in bloud, of ſuch horrible actions, none but baſe cruel ſpirited Bravoes could be guilty; this one unmanly trick might enough Satyr againſt all the Grandeurs in *France*. As concerning our Gentry, I ſhall conclude, they come ſhort of your follies, as much as you come

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short of their native gallantry.

Comp. 10. The Ladies of *England* have designs at playing at Cards.

Pray *Monsieur*, what's the end of play but ingenious designs, products of pure fancy, and ready managery? and if you would dishonour them for this, you may as well carp at their ingenuity: I suppose your Ladies will never prove guilty of shewing so much of judgment, since for to be dextrous at play cannot possibly be the lot of French Ladies, for they want two necessary Virtues to it, Silence and Patience;

tience; which at what a distance these stand with them, let all the world judge.

Comp. 11. That our Gentlemen and Ladies are defective in Courtship and Addresses.

I confess if he means our Ladies want that impudence, which he cals Assurance, when it is as incompatible with modesty, as the Devils are with glorious Angels; or if you mean a forwardness to court the Male, to jet and garb it in company, like the Queens *quondam* petit-dancer, which you call Address, I confess we wil not

vye

vye with you; or if you mean by charming discourse, a bold unlimited chattering; taking into cognizance ceremonious dissembled impertinencies, both in affront to Heaven and Earth; in these our wise Ladies come short I confess; but if you mean an Address, where Modesty keeps its decorum, betwixt impudent gallantry and bashful rusticity, this, this is the address of our incomparable Beauties, which outshine yours, as the greater Lights of the Firmament do the lesser. As for our Gallants the Gentlemen of this Nation, none I am sure

are

are better able to manage an honourable and ſerious Entertainment with more cordial handſome magnificence of addreſs then they, ſetting aſide the mode of the high Rope, of our Frenchified Engliſh Apes. But when you ſhall pretend no child legitimate but your ill-faced baſtards, and call that gallantry which ſwims uppermoſt in a giddy Cranium and foiſted garb, a deformed poſture againſt the wiſe product of Nature, a goatiſh concupiſcence, a ſalacious approach, fit only for Satyrs; if, *Monſieur*, theſe be your Addreſſes, the Beaſts of

of the Earth, the ſcum of rudeneſs, the excrements of Nature, may diſcipline you in ſuch wayes of reputed manners.

As for our Aping you, it is confeſt a few looſe young ſouls, giddy like your ſelves, are your Diſciples; but we may thank our Alliance with you by civil contracts, which by your Locuſt-like ſwarming hath infected us at ſuch a height, that we ſhall hardly claw it off without bloud or ſmart.

Comp. 12. To ſee the Bals ſo diſpoſed by dancing Maſters, and their boldneſs with the Ladies.

Monſieur,

Monſieur, We intend not Bals to make a meal of them, but as a condiment intended (*a la Volee*) as tranſient actions, only for a divertiſement; yet want we not a decorum and a magnificency, witneſs thoſe grand Maſques in the Kings dayes, which were thought to excel all of this nature in *Europe*, as much as our Playes do all your rhiming fools-bables; but your curtaild Intelligéce, which hath brought you proviſion no further then from ſome petty Schools of children, neither well educated nor well practiſed.

But,

But, *Monsieur*, I hope these Answers may inform you into a Recantation, or else I must leave you scurrilous, and condemn your Pamphlet to accommodate for sundry uses and purposes instead of your weekly Gazets, as New-lye printed, and New-lye come forth.

FINIS.